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CONSTANT DOUBT

(In the background): "SHE HAS A FINE MIND, HASN'T SHE?"

"REMARKABLE. ONE OF THOSE MINDS THAT, WHEN YOU ARE WITH HER, YOU CAN'T DECIDE WHICH MAKES YOU THE MORE HAPPY—TO LISTEN OR TO REALIZE THAT YOU ARE NOT MARRIED TO HER."

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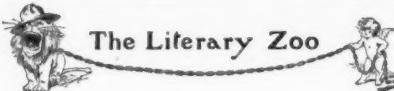


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THE story that gives its title to Jack London's recently issued volume, "Moon-Face," recalls one of the most remarkable coincidences in recent literary history, says *The Editor*. Mr. London himself tells the story in these words: "Some years ago, while I was in England, a story of mine ('Moon-Face') was published in the San Francisco *Argonaut*. In *The Century* of the same date was published a story of Frank Norris's. While these two stories were quite different in manner of treatment, they were patently the same in foundation and motive. At once the newspapers paralleled our stories. The explanation was simple. Norris and I had read the same newspaper account, and proceeded to exploit it. But the fun did not end there. Somebody dug up a *Black Cat* published the year previous, in which was a similar story by another man who used the same foundation and motive. Then Chicago hustled around and resurrected a story that had been published some months before *The Black Cat* story, and that was the same in foundation and motive. Of course, all different writers chanced on the same newspaper article." *The Editor* may add that the Chicago man and *The Black Cat* man are now on its subscription list. In view of recent "deadly parallels," others have smiled over this explanation of the "remarkable coincidence." To say the least, Jack London wants a fresh field.

GERALD STANLEY LEE, who gets out a bright little paper called *Mount Tom*, has been having fun with Wordsworth:

I never intended to read "The Excursion"—excepting, of course, in a few safe, pointed-out places. I felt educated enough not to. But the bowed head from between the brown books kept at it and I did. The bare thought that a man like that (as I looked up at the picture) might have said anything anywhere that I had missed proved too much for me. I spent weeks in taking the book down doggedly, at least a few minutes every morning, and pegging away, and then looking up wonderingly at the picture.

* * *

I have a theory that every man ought to read "The Excursion" once, and mark it. Everyone feels, I suppose, has felt for years, the need of some sort of reading-automobile for Wordsworth—especially along those long, preachy stretches, in the long-distance poems. Marking makes this possible. When one has read Wordsworth all through, and put up the road signs, one's own personal reading directions everywhere, one always feels safe after that. One is sure one is scorching in the right places. And Wordsworth is certainly—whatever else may be said of him—the worst poet to read too fast or to read too slow in the English language.

* * *

One wonders about "The Excursion" when one is through. One wonders whether if taken in time something could not have been done about it.

HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS and his charming family inhabit a bit of a bungalow in a wild and picturesque bit of Staten Island miles from everywhere, and perhaps this is why this cheerful ex-cowboy continues to refresh us with those breezy yarns of the inimitable "Red Saunders." Phillips visits New York but once a year because, he says, "It gives me a headache."

THE SILENT WAR

BY JOHN AMES MITCHELL

Author of "Amos Judd," "The Pines of Lory," "Villa Claudia," etc.

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—*Chronicle, Portsmouth, N. H.*

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LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

NEW YORK

Those Useless Questions

HOW many of our words are absolutely superfluous, serving no end but the waste of time.

A man stood before a mirror, his face well lathered and his razor in hand.

In came his wife; she looked at him, and inquired, "Are you shaving?"

"No," he replied, fiercely, "I'm blacking the kitchen range. Where are you—out driving or at the matinée?"—*Woman's Home Companion*.

Kept a Diary

HENRY ARTHUR JONES, the English playwright, was giving the students of Yale an address on the drama.

"Your American vernacular is picturesque," he said, "and it should help your playwrights to build strong, racy plays, but neither vernacular nor anything else is of moment if perseverance is lacking."

"No playwright can succeed who is like a man I know."

"I said to this man one New Year's Day:

"Do you keep a diary, Philip?"

"Yes," he answered. "I've kept one for the first two weeks in January for the last seven years."—*Washington Star*.

THE recent political situation in New York State reminds me of a story told by 'Jim' Withee, the veteran tavern-keeper and horse-trader, during the Presidential campaign of 1900," says Edgar H. Minot, of Biddeford, in an interview in the Boston *Herald*.

An acquaintance remarked to "Jim" that Bryan would be elected, that all the people were talking that way.

"Bryan!" snorted "Jim." "Bryan! Bryan reminds me of a young farmer who came to my hotel one day and asked me if I did not want some frogs' legs.

"I told him I guessed not, but asked him how many he had. He said he had about a million, whereupon I told him to bring in a few dozen and I would have them served, and if the boarders liked them, I would buy more occasionally. He went away and I did not see him for about two weeks, when he again appeared and wanted to sell some frogs' hind legs. I asked him how many he had, and he replied, 'Six.'

"I said: 'Are you not the fellow who came in here before and said you had a million?'

"Yes," said he, "I thought I had a million, but I was going by the noise they made."—*Rochester Herald*.

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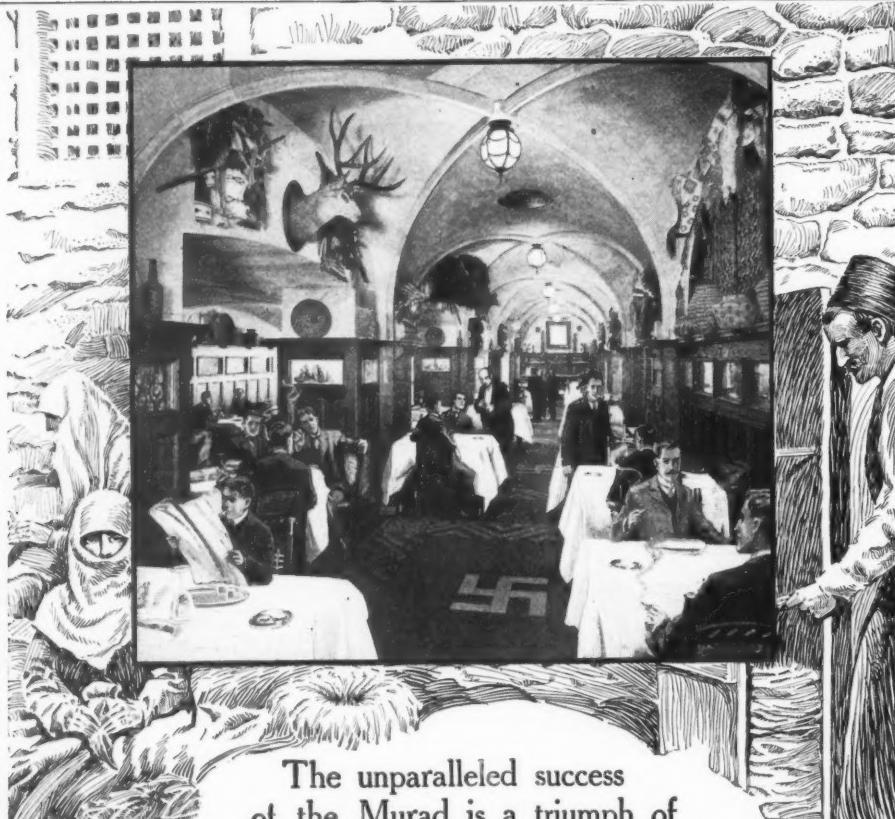
ADMITTED ASSETS, JANUARY 1ST, 1907

Bonds and Stocks owned by Company	•	\$3,122,366.46
Bonds and Mortgages, first lien (Fire Ins. \$7,418,308)	•	8,239,310.00
Loans on Bonds	•	104,000.00
Real Estate owned by Company	•	5,320,500.00
Loans and Liens on Policies in force	•	1,933,252.57
Cash in Bank and on hand	•	446,169.18
Net Deferred Premiums and Premiums in Course of Collection	•	173,071.07
Interest and Rents due and accrued	•	226,780.24
		\$19,565,449.52

LIABILITIES

Policy Reserve (as Computed by New York Insurance Department)	•	\$17,748,747.00
All other Liabilities	•	168,034.17
CONTINGENT RESERVE FUND	•	1,648,668.35
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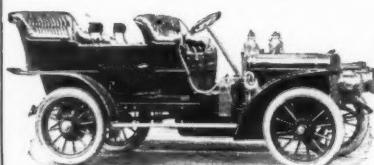
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The purest, most reliable tonic for invalids in the world. It puts life into the weakest.

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ANNOUNCEMENT, 1907

Cleveland



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LIFE



HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES
THE HALF-HOUR BEFORE LUNCHEON—WITH THE TELEPHONE GIRL

The Year One A.D.G.R.*

OLD POINT? We were there all through April.
Bar Harbor? Struck that in July.
Cape May? Stopped off in September—
So stupid we thought we should die.

Virginia Hot Springs? Spent October
And part of November down there;
We are leaving next week for the Windwards.
Came over last night from Belle Air.

I think we shall go to Bermuda,
Coming back by Jamaica, perhaps,
And we'll try to drop in at Biloxi—
Is there anything else on the maps?

*After dad got rich.

Puzzle

 A PRETTY girl with a minimum of brains and a maximum of ambitious mother made up her mind to marry in good society, so she accepted a wealthy, middle-aged bachelor, had the use of a house in town, a house in the coun-

S. E. Kiser.

try, several automobiles, yachts and private cars, and was able to go to the opera, cover herself with diamonds and see Europe. After she had been married for several years she became independent of everything except alcohol, which she had learned to consume in the form of cocktails, highballs and champagne. This making her fractious and irritable, her husband left her to go her own way, while he went his, and there being no children, she had nothing else to do but devote herself to the bad habit she had formed and keep it up as long as possible.

PUZZLE

Give the name of the avenues and hotel corridors where this lady can be seen between the hours of 2 P.M. and midnight.

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B. H., Agent.

A Sad Little Story

INHABITANTS of these parts who have penetrated to Boston know the building in Copley Square called "Westminster Chambers." The city ordered the top story off, as exceeding the limit of height permitted to buildings on Copley Square. After years of litigation, the courts have finally decided that the city shall pay \$340,000 damages for making the obnoxious Chambers take off its hat. The Chambers now stands as a monument to the triumph of mind and morals over mere matter. But it was an expensive triumph, and the building without its top story makes a lamentable appearance and disfigures the square ten times worse than before.

A prize will be given for a moral to this tale that will square with ethics without hurting the feelings of Boston. In the tale, as it stands, the triumph of virtue seems incomplete.

• LIFE •



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XLIX. JANUARY 24, 1907. NO. 1265.
17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

THE interest of the public in Edward Henry Harriman is becoming acute. Newspaper-reading folks have known for some time that Mr. Harriman was around, and that he was an urgent kind of railroad man who was always doing the next thing and getting hold of the next road. Interest in him has been pretty lively for a good while, and has been quickened at shortish intervals by one thing or another—as his associations with Mr. Odell, and the government of New York State, and with young Mr. Hyde in the control of the Equitable Life Assurance Society's lake of money, and the like. Very lately it was stimulated by the increase of the Union Pacific dividend, and the firing out of Mr. Stuyvesant Fish from the presidency of the Illinois Central Railroad, which immediately preceded the investigation of Mr. Harriman's railroad system by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

It is that investigation which has made the interest in Mr. Harriman acute. It was not so much that it brought to light so much that was not known, as that it chalked so much that was already known up sharp and clear in definite figures on the blackboard to be used by every one, and accepted, not as gossip, but as responsible fact. The investigation, still on at this writing, is giving Mr. Harriman a grand notice, disclosing him as the most active and skilful railroad spider that is now weaving webs. We find him credited by the *Wall Street Journal* with absolute control of fifteen thousand miles of railroad, capitalized at eleven hundred million dollars, with large authority over thirteen thousand miles more, and with a very influential voice in the management of thirty-eight thousand other miles, so

that he has a say, varying from autocratic control to potent influence, as to about one-third of the railroads in the country, worth about four billion dollars.

That is a great deal of power for one short man in a pot-hat and spectacles to have accumulated in fifty-nine years of no more than ordinary length. Along with it Mr. Harriman has accumulated some money—a hundred and fifty millions, maybe; we don't know how much—but that is only an incident of his activities.



BEING so lively and so powerful, Mr. Harriman makes talk. People want to know what he did last, what he is going to do next and what he is after, anyhow. There is speculation as to whether his air-brake has busted, so that he cannot stop. There is much curiosity to learn whether in the catapultic energy of his progress he has broken any laws, and if so which ones. There is further speculation as to the need of making some new laws to prevent in future the rapid accumulation of railroads into control of a single management such as he has illustrated by his extraordinary uses of the funds, power and credit of the Union Pacific. Mr. Rockefeller was so unconsciously smart a business man that it became necessary to try to arrange matters so that no other American should be quite so smart in the same way again. Now, Mr. Harriman has been so extraordinarily smart as a stock-brokering railroad man that there is a casting about for new rules that will deny in time to come so large an acquisition of power even to such a talent as his.

Meanwhile, and for the time being, he is the most interesting human figure in the American waxworks, the managers of which have taken the opportunity to send Mr. James J. Hill to the repair shop to be dusted, and to put new springs and evidences of spontaneity into the ever-popular Colonel Roosevelt.

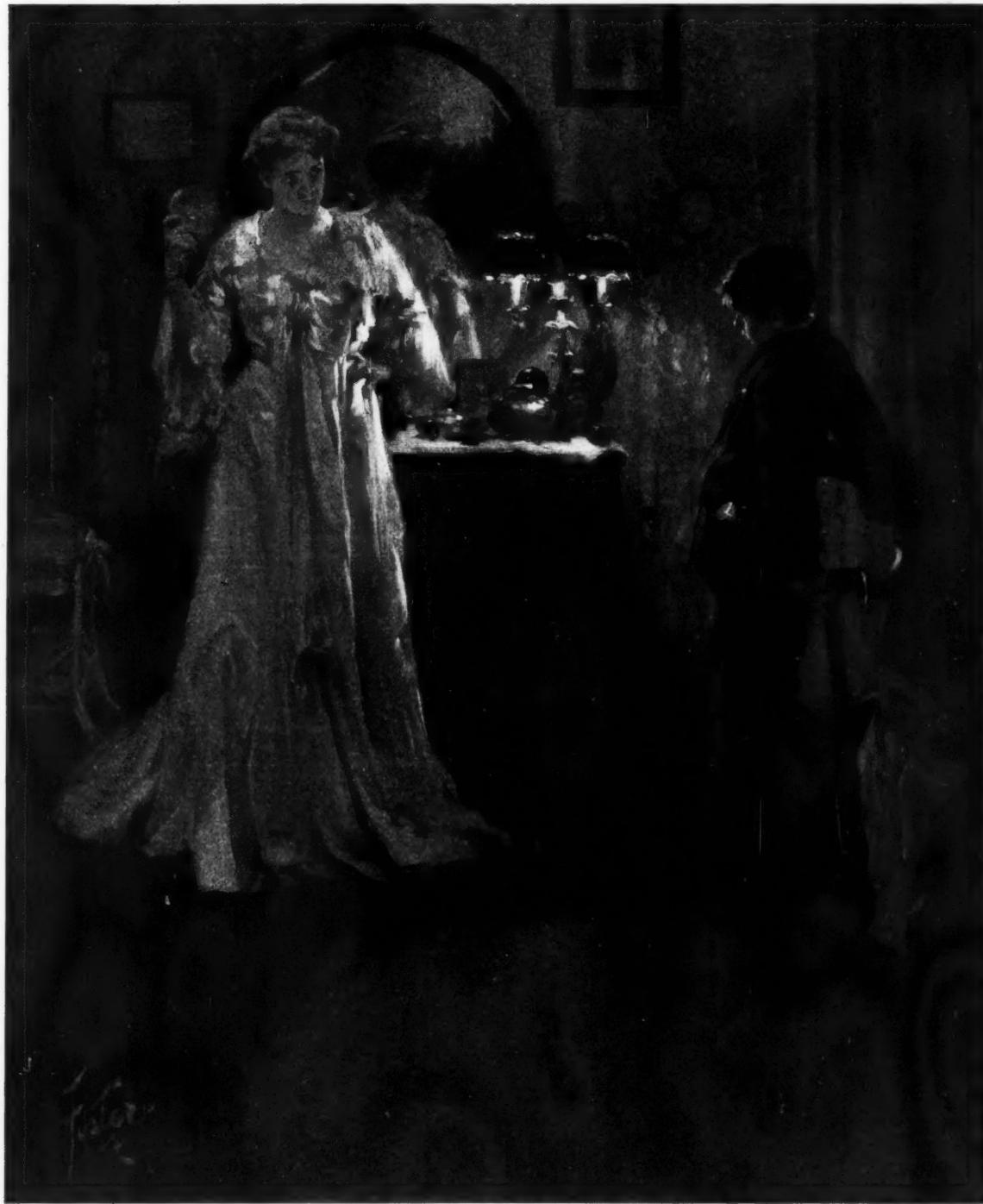


NOBODY ever acquired power over 15,000 miles of railroad without developing critics. Even the Czar of Russia has been criticized. Hard things are said about Mr. Harriman. He has been accused of using abrupt, and perhaps profane, language at the mention of our cher-

ished President, also of being either the ally or the proprietor of Benjamin Odell, also of supporting Hearst for Governor, also of delaying the announcement of the Union Pacific dividend to suit his convenience and profit, also of keeping the stockholders of the Wells-Fargo Express Company, and other concerns, out of the use of their surplus because he wished to use it himself, also of being a selfish person and of many other shortcomings or overreachings. Not all of these sins, however, are universally rated as sinful. To his credit, it is put down that he has a genius for railroads, that he enriches his stockholders, that he is a decent-living man, with plenty of domestic virtues and ethical aspirations besides, and that he has never meddled with our spelling. Very likely he is suffering from intoxication, but, if so, it is a railroad intoxication and not the sort induced by spirituous beverages. Railroad-drunk or sober, he has put himself in a position of such extraordinary power over the commerce of the country that it is no more than natural that his fellow-citizens should wish to know him more intimately, and so judge to better advantage as to the probable influence of his activities on their future prospects. They also want to know whether, under the law, he can hold all he has got, and that is an interesting and important question.



A MAN does not become supremely interesting to his fellows merely because he is an extraordinary money-getter. Money has become too common for that. What helps to make Mr. Harriman so interesting is that he is a reputable, self-restrained person, with imagination, great power and great executive ability. If there are great possibilities of mischief in him there seem to be also great possibilities of service. To the same perplexing class belongs Mr. H. H. Rogers and Mr. Frick, and perhaps Mr. Ryan. They are extremely intelligent, these powerful citizens. Any one of them is capable of understanding that there are better things in life than to hog the biggest share. Any one of them might perpetrate some astonishing feat of seeming altruism without our being quite sure that its motive was selfish, or that it was not in keeping with his character.



"OH, MOTHER, DO I HAVE TO TAKE A BATH? MRS. MORRIS TOLD ME ESPECIALLY THE PARTY WAS VERY INFORMAL."

**Song of the Centurions***"Auld Lang Syne"*

SHOULD we resign?" cried old Tom Platt—

He was dining with old Depew.
"No! I will cling like an old tom-cat
If you will stick like glue."

And a song they sang, these Senators gray,
It was short and sad and sere:
"We're here, because we're here, because
We're here, because we're here."

Creswell MacLaughlin.**Smoot**

THE state of Elder Smoot is more definite than his status; he is the Senator from Utah—perhaps, mebbe, who knows? and most of the time he is a storm center, a text for demagogues, a target for the shrieking sisterhoods, a punching bag for Senatorial windbags. Smoot doesn't know where he is at; like the Brownsville coons, he is convicted and condemned

without evidence or trial; he is in the Index Expurgatorius of the W. C. T. U. with the army canteens and a choice list of breath changers; and while the Senate would admit him freely, and face the anger of a republic if necessary, it lacks the courage to face its wives. Smoot is up against the eternal feminine; he is the victim of that phase of public opinion which believes Utah is a condition, not a state, which exists to nullify the most precious fruits of our civilization—race suicide and divorce. The opposition of the sex to Smoot is inexplicable, since Utah represents a broader and more comprehensive love than New England. When Dan Cupid becomes an imperialist and expansionist the result is polygamy; and yet the rustiest old bachelor from Saccarappa to the Salton Sea is more honored in girl-congested New England than all the pluralists from Solomon to Smoot. Can it be that the New Woman, who is the tongue of the sex, would accept Utah as freely as she does South Dakota if polygamy were supplemented and evened up by polyandry? The question of Smoot and the Senate ought to be settled soon; and a grateful country will put him in the Senate for life and ask no questions, if he will only annex the W. C. T. U. matrimonially, polygamously or any old way, and maroon them in Utah for our good. Smoot is a saint; here's a chance for him to be an angel; our silence is the price of his Senatorial salvation. *J. S.*

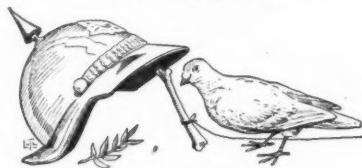
Uncle Russell Sage's Shekels

MR. RUSSELL SAGE reports that she is getting no help of any value from volunteers who suggest to her channels into which her late husband's money might be usefully diverted. She would like it very much if folks would stop writing letters offering to relieve her of driblets of her burden.

We are sorry for Mrs. Sage. She has an awful job on her hands. We believe we know of a man who could help her with it. One of the hardest jobs in sight just now—not counting the Panama

Canal—is to dam the Colorado River. When the President felt that he ought to help about that he asked Mr. Harriman to tackle it. Now, to set an enormous lake of money in motion is a task precisely the opposite of curbing an unruly river, yet we believe Mr. Harriman would be a good hand at that, too. He has energy and imagination, and knows of lots of ways of using money. He certainly would get a move on Uncle Russell's pile if he was invited to put his mind on it.

Mrs. Sage says she prefers that her late husband's surplus shekels should be expended for the benefit of this community of New York, in which he lived so long and was so highly esteemed. Mr. Harriman might want to spend the money in California or Utah. That would be the danger with him. His mind wanders very far. But here's an idea. If Mrs. Sage should buy thirty or forty million dollars' worth of the securities of the Interborough Railroad Company and give them to the city of New York, it might help in getting better transportation service for the folks here. That, if it could be done, would be a service of enormous value, and a remarkably suitable use to put Uncle Russell's money to.

The Coin Is His

THE Nobel gold peace medal has reached President Roosevelt. A fine trophy it is, and supremely adapted to rejoice its winner, if he has left any capacity to be rejoiced by such things. Sometimes it seems that as the Standard Oil gentleman and the Pittsburg millionaire are thought to have cheapened money in the general esteem by getting such a raft of it, so Mr. Roosevelt has cheapened reputation by biting off in so

brief a space such an inordinately large mouthful of fame. Still, that medal is a corker—as the President would say—and was handsomely earned and handsomely bestowed, and is good to have in one's family.

At the Anthropological Section

IT WAS naturally a great advantage to this department to have the American Association for the Advancement of Science hold its recent annual meeting during the holidays in New York. The lectures before the Anthropological section have been a real help to us. Professors Ward and Barbour told us about the Nebraska man, five of whose skulls were lately dug out of a burial mound ten miles north of Omaha. He was of a very primitive type; six feet high, extra thick skull, sloping backward, and very strong on his legs. His teeth showed that his food was coarse and hard. A fractured arm-bone that had knit without setting showed that he had no surgeon. The professors have not yet figured out how long since the Nebraska man lived, but it was long, long before the Civil War. Buried above him were found the skulls of a much later race. The discussion whether he or the Pittsburg man are of a more advanced type was very spirited.

We were much cheered by what Dr. McGee, of St. Louis, told our section about the coming American. Dr. McGee is very hopeful about him, and considers that the great mixture of breeds in this country is highly favorable to the production of an American taller, stronger, more humanitarian and more intellectual than we are. He spoke well, too, of us of this generation and said we were getting on; that we walked a quarter of a mile an hour faster than our fathers did, and had it in us to do it. He said we were great, and that it was a mistake to suppose we were engrossed in money-getting. The thing we had was the desire of achievement. That was what Uncle John Rockefeller really had. Dr. McGee thinks Uncle John is the incarnation of concentrated effort, and that it was only an incident that his energies turned toward pecuniary ac-

cumulation, and that if he had taken up anthropology with the same single-mindedness he would have been a great scientist. Yes; we think so, too. As it is, Uncle John is quite an able anthropologist.

Marriage and the Stage

PARIS is puzzling over the question, Should actresses marry? One Capus admits that since marriage is tempered by divorce (delightful suggestion!), it matters little either way, while Mme. Bernhardt, who treated her son to a step-parent rather late in life, insists that any woman must follow her ideal. "But, having taken a guide, she must follow him, even though he lead her away from her career." Yet the divine one was not led away from the scenes of her triumphs by M. Demala.

A Tower for Our Zoo

THE filing of plans to construct a building with a tower 657 feet high, on the corner of Madison Avenue and Twenty-fourth Street, entitles President Hegeman, of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, to a conspicuous place in this Zoo. The projected tower will have forty-six stories. The biggest clock ever, with a face 25 feet in diameter, will embellish its front about 350 feet up. It will be higher than any work of man on earth, except the Eiffel Tower, and that is not an office building. The suggestion that the Hegeman tower is emblematic in its height of the cost of insurance in the Hegeman company is unaccompanied by statistics, and we have not been able to verify it. Maybe Brother Dryden's Prudential insurance costs just as much, and offers just as moving a tale of lapsed policies.

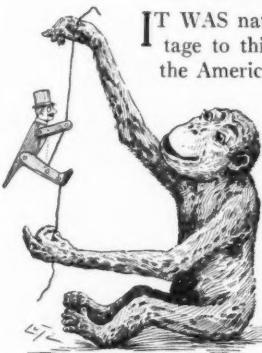
Architecturally, Brother Hegeman's tower will be a matter of very serious concern. The towers of New York, so far, have adorned the city. The Garden tower is beautiful; the armory tower in East Thirty-fourth Street is handsome. The towerlike Flatiron Building and the tower of the *Times* Building are both, on the whole, commended by the judicious. But this projected edifice will soar into such an unparalleled consciousness, that it is a vital matter that it should be

fair to look upon. So far as we know, there is no law to hinder anybody who can raise the necessary money from building as far up into the empyrean as he likes, from any unrestricted point on Manhattan Island, but Brother Hegeman could hardly build with life-insurance money in the face of serious and well-founded public objection. So if the men of authority in architecture have anything to say about his tower, it will be to the public advantage to have them say it.



John Burroughs in His Native Haunts

JOHN BURROUGHS divides his year into two seasons—winter and summer. In the summer he raises celery on his farm at "Slabsides," makes friends with the wild tenants of his place, goes visiting Richard Watson Gilder and other friends scattered about the East and plays generally. But never a bit of writing does he do during Dame Nature's busy season. All his literary work is done in the winter. His work is rarely prepossessing. Like his friend the squirrel, he gathers his kernels of observation and stores them away in his busy brain, awaiting the days of the open fire to crack the nuts. And they are ripe when he gives them to us—and sound and sweet.



Awards in the "What's the Matter?" Contest

After a very careful judgment of the large number of answers sent in competition for the four \$50 prizes for the best explanation offered of the feelings expressed on the face of the gentleman at the telephone, those that follow have been chosen as easily the best in form and originality of idea. Checks for fifty dollars each have been sent to the successful contestants:

The Unexpected Happens

HELLO! Dr. D. D. Johnson?
This is David Dudlaw White,
Whom so heartlessly you ordered
From your domicile last night.

And I call you up this morning
To bid you a sad farewell,
For in just a half an hour
I'll start on a trip to—well,

Though I can't go where you told me—
It's a bit too warm just now—
I would sail away forever,
To avoid another row.

As for Angelina Mabel
(Fairest daughter of her race,
You, her proud and honored father,
Know too well her charm and grace)—

She, at last, with much persuasion,
Has agreed to take this trip,
Darn my socks and do my mending,
While upon this blessed ship—

She, who stands beside me blushing,
Wishes me for her to say:
"Ta, ta! See you later, Daddie;
We were married yesterday."

Sent in by Margaret Ayars, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.



A Fatal Suggestion

OLD Dr. Smug at ease stays home
And sees his patients all by phone.



His richest patron called one day—
That is, by phone, of course—to say



Her old-time ailment had come back.
She feared to have a bad attack.



She said his methods at long range
Had quite convinced her that a change



To longer range might work a cure,
His absence did so much for her.



Nerved by his telephone appliance,
She thought she dared try Christian Science.

Sent in by Catherine G. Ross, 62 East Thirty-sixth Street, Chicago, Ill.

A Solution for the Young



SEE this Big Man!
Is he not a Nice Man?
See how Clean he looks.
Was he Up with the Sun?
Yes, he was still Up when the Sun came Up.
Did the Cock Wake him Up?
Yes, the Cock Woke him with its Tail.
What Place is he in?
He is Down-Town, at his Club.
Does he Hit Hard with his Club? He tries to.

What has the Man in his Hand?
Why does he Put it in his Ear?
It is a Phone.
He says Hell-o! hell-o!
See! Now the Man can Hear it Talk.
What Makes him Look so Glad?
Why does he Laugh so Hard?
I will Tell you.



The Man can Hear a Maid Talk.
She is his Best Maid.
She says Hell-o! too.
Her Voice is Gay and Bright.
He Likes to Hear it in the Phone.
One Day he Sent her a Nosegay.
She says, "Thank you, Dear Old John. I
will Come at One."

Then they will Go and Eat.
See how the Man Laughs for Joy!



What can the Man hear Now?
It must Vex him.
Is the Sweet Maid Cross?
No, it is a Cross Wire.
And it is a Cross Voice.
Not the Voice of a Best Maid.
He Hears it.



It says, "John Smith, is that you?
I Know it is.
I Know that Laugh.
I have Come Home.
My Mama Came too.
I have Heard in the Phone.
We will Both Come Down at One."



Whose is the Cross Voice?
Is it his Cook?
Oh, no! It is his Good Dame.
She had Gone to see her fat Ma.
But she Came Home too Soon.
Now the Man will have Three Guests.
He will be a Sad Man.

Miss Rose Hardenburg, Hotel Lankershim, Los Angeles,
Cal.

A Master Mind's Solution

SHERLOCK came into our old lodgings on Baker Street.
It was soon after one of his unfortunate resuscitations.

"I observe, Watson," he said to me, "that you finished reading your copy of LIFE just thirty minutes ago." I displayed the usual surprise at his remark by the customary inanities.

"You see," he explained, "your face broke from stupidity into a smile just as I entered the room. It takes twenty minutes for you to read LIFE; fifty to see a joke. You were evidently laughing at the one on the front page, and will continue variably risible for half an hour—*quod erat.*"

I turned maliciously to page 433 of my LIFE. "Why did the old gentleman change countenance?" I inquired. Sherlock reached for the LIFE and the hypodermic simultaneously.

"Because the first one wasn't satisfactory," he ventured. Then, sobering, he muttered eagerly: "It's evidently a woman at the phone; a man with a thing like that to tell wouldn't miss the pleasure of seeing the old codger's face. And it's one of his family—his wife—note the look of patient tolerance. Hah! that smile. I recognize the brand, Watson! She's repeating one of LIFE's jokes to him. It tickles him immensely at first—but she tells him it's out of LIFE. He thinks of the paper's attitude on vivisection, and Anthony Comstock, and divorce, and automobiles, and the Theatrical Trust. He is offended, he is shocked. But the intelligence that she has sent \$5.00 to LIFE for a year's subscription creates that feeling of speechless nausea." The great defective's face cleared.

"Write it up, Watson, and pocket the publisher's proceeds, as always," he said, with a pardonable lack of pride in his performance.

Sent in by Ralph E. Dyer, 1005 University Avenue, S. E., Minneapolis, Minn.



"OH, DEAR! I'VE DROPPED MY PENNY AN' I S'POSE IT'LL GO RIGHT THROUGH THE EARTH AN' SOME OF THOSE HORRID LITTLE HEATHENS 'LL GET IT."

LIFE



THE POWER OF THE

LIFE ·



WER OF THE PRESS



The Russian in "The Doll's House" and a Fitch Contrast



IF HER *Hedda Gabler* left one in doubt concerning the dramatic powers of Mme. Alla Nazimova, her *Nora Helmer* turns the scale emphatically and unquestionably in her favor. In the former one was somewhat at a loss to understand the conception she was intending to convey. Ibsen has made it a more complex and indefinite study of character than *Nora*, which, combined with the Russian artist's very imperfect English, left her first audience with a hazy notion of her *Hedda* outside of the fact that she was long and lithe and full of poses. The author has given her a simpler task in portraying the toy whom it takes eight years of wedded life and the bearing of three children to awaken to the fact that she is a woman. This task she attacks, apparently, with greater confidence, certainly with greater precision and surer method.

* * *

IN THE first place, Mme. Nazimova shows unusual protean ability in the physical differentiation of the two characters. She takes inches from her stature, and although she is still slender and at times sinuous, the latter quality is an incident and not a habit. In the earlier scenes, where she is making gayety the dominant note, her nervous action is pushed to the point of artificiality and absolute incoherency. The wretched elocution of Mrs. Fiske, the best *Nora* seen on the American stage, has accustomed us to losing a good many of the speeches, so the indistinctness arising from Mme. Nazimova's imperfect English and rapid utterance was not entirely without precedent. Her unbroken high pitch is also an offense to ears accustomed to deeper tones, but her voice is undeniably sweet and her effects are truly wonderful, considering the limited range she uses. Her highest powers lie in facial and bodily expression. Of these she has a command which makes full amends for her deficiencies in verbal interpretation. In its entirety her portrayal of *Nora* ran logically and truthfully along with the development of the story, reaching thorough impressiveness with her final awakening to the tragedy of her existence.

Doubtless, those who love acting for acting's sake would prefer to see more spirituality thrown into *Torvald Helmer* than Mr. Dodson Mitchell gave to the part. He was right, however, in sacrificing that kind of approval to achieve the naturalism of the author's school, even though his materialism was repellent of sympathy. It was an excellent portrayal throughout, and its sturdiness an effective foil to *Nora*'s nervous temperament, although his speech of self-glorification in the last scene was spoken too directly to the audience, a technical fault of which too many actors are guilty. Mr. John Findley's *Krogstad* showed the same artistic painstaking that he bestows upon all his work with telling effect. The *Dr. Rank* was played with great intelligence by Mr. Theo-

dore Friebus, but with a voice so small in penetrating power that many of his words were also lost to the audience.

The success of Mme. Nazimova's matinées is not due alone to her personal vogue. It is apparent that the number is increasing of those who are yielding to the naturalism of Ibsen. It would be remarkable if New Yorkers some day woke up to the fact that they are listening to sermons on heredity, and more remarkable still if they took to heart the moral he teaches by a reverse process, viz., that you must behave yourself in your own generation if you don't want your descendants to inherit all sorts of vices, diseases and abnormal tendencies.

* * *

IN "The Truth" Mr. Clyde Fitch's followers will find themselves a good deal more at home than in associating with settlement workers and slum material, as they have to in "The Straight Road." We are back once more in polite society, albeit of the younger and swifter set. As usual, his character delineations show more skill than his handling of situations. It is apparently so easy for Mr. Fitch to write talk—mostly agreeable, and thoroughly characteristic talk, be it understood—that the point of his situation is often weakened. But there is no doubt of his ability to seize upon a type and reproduce it, amusingly exaggerated, for stage purposes. His *Becky Warden* is a congenital liar. She is not lying for a purpose, like the conventional liar, but simply because she cannot help it. She lies heedlessly, unnecessarily and improbably, in exactly the same way that a kleptomaniac, if there really is such a thing, steals, not because she wants what she steals, but because she simply can't help stealing. *Becky* takes an impish delight in her lying, which often is of the most awkward and inartistic kind. When we become acquainted with her dissolute and impudent old father we understand better her love of falsehood and incidentally get a lesson in heredity which recalls the text of Ibsen.

As a character, *Becky Warden* is in direct contrast to Mr. Fitch's *Molly O'Hara*, to be found further up the street. One is a girl of the gutters on the road to redemption and in a fair way to get there, while *Becky*, born in the upper sphere, is on the direct path to—well, a place she probably reaches eventually in spite of the nice little halo of saving love Mr. Fitch deftly places on her head at the end of the last act. It is a misfit, but it serves the purpose of bringing the play to a happy conclusion. Clara Bloodgood



MME. NAZIMOVA'S *Nora* IN ONE OF HER LIGHTER MOMENTS



MR. FITCH'S CONTRAST

BLANCHE WALSH IN "THE STRAIGHT WAY"

has a less pronounced personality than Blanche Walsh, and the author's task in fitting her with a part, while more difficult, is equally successful. She is a piquant little liar, and her absence of conscience has such a stamp of fashion that we almost forgive her vices as being in perfect harmony with the empty and frivolous world in which she lives. Women who are fated to do nothing but follow the life of fashion may naturally be expected to seek some relief from its conventionalities, even to the point of getting themselves and others into scrapes, out of which they have to lie. Clara Bloodgood grasps the author's idea perfectly, and by her own efforts robs it of some of its improbability. The father, admirably portrayed by Mr. John Emerson, solves the problem of what finally becomes of certain gentlemen who sport not wisely, and in their declining years are forced to disappear from the neighborhood of Broadway and Fifth Avenue.

Zelda Sears gives a delightful rendering of the lady who shelters him in her flat, in consideration of basking in his "swellness"—a truly Fitchian creation.

"The Truth" is amusing and in many points a faithful light commentary on things of the fleeting day.

* * *

IN THE renewed hubbub over ticket speculators, LIFE may be permitted once more to remark, in a small, still voice, that *the speculator on the sidewalk means a crooked manager inside.* Metcalfe.

Life's Confidential Guide to the Theatres

Academy of Music—Last week of "The Girl of the Golden West." Mr. Belasco's original company, headed by Blanche Bates and Mr. Frank Keenan in stirring and well-staged drama of early mining days in California.

Astor—"The Straight Road," with Blanche Walsh as the star. Mr. Clyde Fitch's excursion into the slums. Interesting play well acted.

Belasco—"The Rose of the Rancho." The sleepy atmosphere of lower California and the effect of Yankee annexation. Interesting and admirably staged drama with good company.

Casino—Paula Edwards in "Princess Beggar." Mediocre comic opera, not well done.

Criterion—Clara Bloodgood in Mr. Clyde Fitch's comedy, "The Truth." See above.

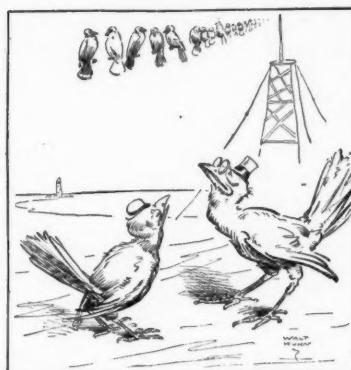
Empire—Ellen Terry and English company in Mr. George Bernard Shaw's "Captain Brassbound's Confession." Notice later.

Garden—"The Student King." Comic opera in its earlier and better form. Well sung and well produced.

Garrison—Mr. William Collier in "Caught in the Rain." Unusually good cast in merry, farcical comedy.

Hackett—Rose Stahl in "The Chorus Lady." Life behind the curtain and in the Tenderloin. Laughable and well done.

Herald Square—"The Road to Yesterday." Fan-



The Old Bird: MY EYES MUST BE GETTING POOR. I CAN'T SEE THE WIRES ON WHICH THOSE BIRDS ARE SITTING.

The Young Bird: YOUR EYES ARE ALL RIGHT. THAT'S A WIRELESS TELEGRAPH.



MR. FITCH'S CONTRAST

MRS. BLOODGOOD IN "THE TRUTH"

ciful transition from our own time to three hundred years ago in England. Unusual and interesting.

Hippodrome—Gorgeous ballet and water spectacle, preceded by "Pioneer Days," with real Indians.

Lyric—Mr. E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe in Sudermann's "John the Baptist." Notice later.

Madison Square—"The Three of Us," by Rachel Crothers. Charming play of Western life artistically acted by Carlotta Nillson and well-chosen cast.

Majestic—"Brown of Harvard," with Mr. Henry Woodruff as the star. Bits of Cambridge student life in amusing dramatic form.

Manhattan—Mr. Wilton Lackaye as *Jean Valjean* in his own dramatization of Hugo's "Les Miserables," entitled "The Law and the Man." Elaborately staged and interesting melodrama.

Princess—Miss Anglin and Mr. Henry Miller in Mr. Moody's "The Great Divide." Mr. Moody's scholarly drama of Western life. Very well presented.

Proctor's Theatres—Vaudeville.

Weber's—"The Dream City" and "The Magic Knight." Mr. Weber's annual production on a little more pretentious plane. Good music by Mr. Victor Herbert, pretty girls and considerable fun.



IN 1908

THE SPEECH FROM THE THRONE

The LATEST Books

TO THE reader of an eclectic turn and bee-like habit of tentative selection the *Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*, written by the artist's wife, cannot but prove full of treasure-trove. Here is to be gathered an intimate, almost indeed a subjective, view of that brilliant and idealistic coterie of which Rossetti and Ruskin and William Morris and Burne-Jones were the center; the result of a feminine self-repressive understanding which, rare enough in itself, is still more rarely articulate. The work, however, has the shortcomings of this same feminine responsiveness. It wholly lacks discriminative emphasis, accent and modeling. As between the significant and the insignificant it is written in monotone and the reader who does not enjoy making his own selections and drawing his own conclusions will find it unreadable.

In *Tinker Two* Mr. Edgar Jepson has set down some further adventures of that amusing creation of his, the *Admirable Tinker*. The Tinker, it may be recalled, was a boy whom training and inheritance had made into an improbable but fascinating combination of childishness, worldly wisdom and *savoir-faire*. The present book is almost entirely taken up with the efforts of a pair of rascals to get possession of the little girl whom the Tinker adopted in the first story. It is all as quietly amusing, as actually impossible and as convincingly real as its forerunner.

We are all, upon occasion, willing to throw mere probability to the winds in return for a good story; but most of us, having waived the matter of probable premises, demand some approximation to consistency in the resulting argument. This, however, is a consideration which Neil Wynn Williams, the author of *The Electric Theft*, seems not to have taken into account. Not only does he pile the unlikely on the

improbable in a mere crass attempt to out-venture adventure, but he omits the mortar of competent motive and breaks the laws of common sense. It is the most desperate imaginative paroxysm we have seen for some time.

Two books which have but just appeared, Edward S. Morse's *Mars and Its Mystery* and C. H. Forbes Lindsay's *Panama*, are superseded respectively in authority and interest by Professor Lowell's own treatise on *Mars and Its Canals* and Willis Fletcher Johnson's *Four Centuries of the Panama Canal*. To students of Mars and its puzzling problems Professor Lowell's work will be of the greatest interest. He is the acknowledged authority on the subject and he sets forth his theories and the basis for them in a thoroughly comprehensible manner.

As for Mr. Johnson's book it is not a compilation but a history, and written by a man who knows his subject, has his own



Shade of Her First Husband; POOR DEVIL!

opinions on it and is able to express and defend them. That he is an enthusiastic partisan will doubtless be held up against his work, but of course, as a matter of fact, that is just what makes it so well worth while.

After reading *The Subjection of Isabel Carnaby* one is inclined to doubt one's remembered impression of that first and long past success of Ellen Thorneycroft

Fowler's, *Concerning Isabel Carnaby*. Certainly either our own impressibility or Mrs. Felkin's attitude and methods have grievously altered in the interim. The present book concerns itself with the visit to Isabel (who of course is now Mrs. Paul Seaton) of a young lady of mixed parentage from British India and with Mrs. Seaton's discovery that her husband knows more about his business than she does. Its general character may best be summarized as

preachy and it will commend itself almost exclusively to those who cherish mid-Victorian habits and ideals.

In his new story, *A Knight of the Cumberland*, John Fox, Jr., is at home again in the mountains and at his pleasant best. It is only a novelette but full of the sparkle of clear air and the zest of living; a pretty tale worth reading.

J. B. Kerfoot.

Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones, by G. B.-J. (The Macmillan Company. New edition in one volume. \$4.00.)

Tinker Two, by Edgar Jepson. (McClure, Phillips and Company. \$1.50.)

The Electric Theft, by Neil Wynn Williams. (Small, Maynard and Company, Boston. \$1.50.)

Mars and Its Canals, by Percival Lowell. (The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.)

Four Centuries of the Panama Canal, by Willis Fletcher Johnson. (Henry Holt and Company. \$3.00.)

The Subjection of Isabel Carnaby, by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. (Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.50.)

A Knight of the Cumberland, by John Fox, Jr. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.00.)

A Letter

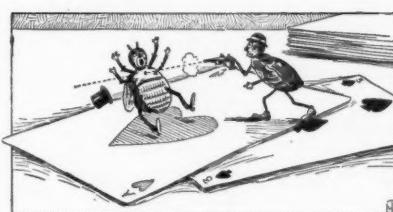
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY:

Dear Life—There would be less talk of heresy or heresy trials if the clergy held the same standard of honor as the laity. The mere fact that a minister accepts a salary—or even makes a contract with a certain sect—binds him to preach their doctrines, as a retainer fee binds a lawyer to one side of the case. A lawyer for the defense who would plead for the prosecution, an officer sworn to defend one country who would desert to another—these are called traitors. Similarly, what should be thought of a minister who, without warning, either from mistaken zeal, the desire for self-advertisement, or to arouse interest in the "secret" suffering of his soul, springs an heretical bomb on a congregation assembled to hear the brand of doctrine he is hired to expound? Let him first sever his connection and assume another label, then he is free to air any convictions that he may hold.

MERIDETH ARMSTRONG.

December 29, 1906.



KILLED ON THE SPOT



SOME METRICAL SAMPLES

I—IAMBIC

2—Octosyllabic

Two syllables, in which the stress
Falls on the second, constitute
The foot best fitted to express
The music of the Saxon lute.
'Tis found in verses short and long,
In stanzas both diffuse and terse.
It is the unit of our song—
The Great Iamb of English verse.

3—The Pentamer

One who would tell a tale in epic strain
Should use the long pentamer to gain
The stately movement he requires; so, too,
The dramatist who follows models true
For all his formal dialogue will choose
This measure, which his great forerunners use.
The rhyming couplet, just exemplified,
Was much affected in the days of Pope;
Bul Milton and great Shakespeare at their best
Employed the rhymeless form we call blank verse.

3—The Sonnet

The sonnet is a weird and fearsome thing,
With fourteen lines, no more, nor ever less,
To match this length you must your thought compress
Or stretch as old Procrustes did—the king,
You know, who pulled the dwarf out like a string
And cut the giant short; by which process
Both fit his bed. No more dare you digress
From the strict model we are following.

Nor let the rhyme e'er vary from the scheme
Above; though in the last six lines one may
Use greater freedom. Following the gleam
Of light thus shed upon the poet's way,
One can construct what outwardly will seem
To be a sonnet. Maugre, will it pay?

II—TROCHAIC

When the syllable accented
Is the first and not the second,
Then the trochee is presented—
And a tripping foot 'tis reckoned.
Oft it comes in rhyming stanzas
With a short epodic line;
Sometimes, as in Hiawatha,
Rhyme and stanza show no sign.

III—ANAPESTIC

See the galloping rush of the anapest verse,
With two syllables light leading up to the stress.
It is easily made, and on that account worse,
For it tempts one to write with no thought to express.

—H. M. Kingery, in the Editor.

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LADYLIKE GEOMETRY

- I. A straight line is the shortest distance between two millinery openings.
- II. A straight line determined by two bargain tables is considered as prolonged both ways until the store closes.
- III. A broken line is a series of successive straight lines described by a woman alighting from a street-car.
- IV. A mixed line is a line composing the reception committee of a club's presidential candidate.
- V. A plain figure is one all points of which have been neglected by the dressmaker.
- VI. Figures of the same shape don't always have the same style.
- VII. Figures of the same size never consider themselves equivalent.
- VIII. Women equal to the same thing are not always equal to each other.—Nellie Parker Jones, in the *Chicago Record-Herald*.



The Rooster : I KNOW, MY DEAR, THAT COMPARISONS ARE ODIOUS, BUT I SIMPLY WANTED YOU TO SEE WHAT OTHER FOLKS ARE DOING.

WOMEN WHO WILL GAMBLE

The most difficult thing to keep in check both in Singapore and Penang is gambling among Straits-born women of all classes, from the highest downward. Frequent complaints are received from husbands whose wives have lost heavily, and it is known that there are five lotteries opening more or less daily in Singapore which are almost exclusively supported by "nomias." Education may possibly do something to stop this vice among the Straits-born ladies, but it must be confessed that its effect in that direction on their husbands and brothers is but small.—*South China Post*.

HAMLET AS A SCENE-SHIFTER

A certain well-known woman was as a girl an intimate friend of Edwina Booth; only and dearly loved daughter of America's great tragedian. This favored young person was thus admitted to the delightful acquaintance of the actor, although at this time she was not of years of sufficient discretion to fully understand how far-reaching were her privileges. She says that in the Booth home private theatricals were always more or less a craze, and she had often played in such performances given in the drawing-room and before a friendly audience of family friends.

On these occasions nothing could induce Mr. Booth to take part. He declared that he "should be scared out of his wits" to have the spectators at so close range and confined to those whom he knew well in private life. His commendations of the courage of the amateur actors were entirely sincere, amusing as the remembrance of them now is. In any of his daughter's parlor plays Mr. Booth had indeed his role, and it was always conscientiously filled. But it was that of scene-shifter.—*Harper's Weekly*.

QUERIES of every conceivable kind come to a newspaper office. Some are sensible and some are not. Many are sincere in all their folly, and a few are unmistakable traps set for the unwary scribe. Most are of the proverbial kind, taking more than the wisdom of seven sages for their answering. But answers of some kind have to be found for a majority of them.

The other day some very ingenious or very silly person sent to an office a request to know whether hockey could be counted among aquatic sports. It was a puzzler. To answer a plain "no" would have been to issue a certificate of mental poverty on behalf of the whole staff. So the man most nearly concerned in the matter took counsel with his colleagues. The result was this reply:

"Not unless the player falls in."—*New York Evening Post*.

CAN'T BEAT A WOMAN

MRS. MOTT: Tom never tells me a word about his business.

MRS. SCOTT: Neither does my husband. But when I want to find out, I invite some company and he lets out everything.—*Boston Transcript*.

IN VIEW of the probability that French etiquette will soon demand the announcement of divorces with the same solemnity as is required of marriages, *Les Debats* suggests the following formula for the purpose: "Mr. X. has the honor of informing you of his divorce. Henceforth he will reside in street so-and-so, number so-and-so." Another paper, however, thinks that the announcement should come from both parties concerned in the matter, and suggests the following: "Mr. and Mrs. X. have the honor of notifying you of their happy separation." There still remain problems to be solved. Will it be necessary to acknowledge the receipt of such announcements? And, if so, in what terms should this be done? Of congratulation or of condolence? —*New York Tribune*.

ECONOMICS

PROFESSOR: Do you believe in taxing breweries?

STUDENT: I do; to their utmost capacity.—*Harvard Lampoon*.

"Isn't it odd for the French to give the worst defeated party in an election representation in their parliament?"

"They don't."

"Then please tell me what else is the party of the Extreme Left?"—*Baltimore American*.

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3. God helps them that help themselves.—*Benjamin Franklin*.

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4. Knowledge is power.—*Lord Bacon*.

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5. In the adversity of our best friends we often find something which does not displease us.—*de Rochefoucauld*.

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6. Those who dance must pay the piper.—*Old Proverb*.

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7. For if she will, she will, you may depend on't;
And if she won't, she won't; so there's an end on't.—*Aaron Hill*.

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8. None but the brave deserves the fair.—*Dryden*.

\$250 will be paid for the best illustration of

9. But ne'er the rose without the thorn.—*Herrick*.

\$250 will be paid for the best illustration of

10. But there's nothing half so sweet in life

As love's young dream.—*Moore*.

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11. Hope springs eternal in the human breast.—*Pope*.

\$250 will be paid for the best illustration of

12. In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.—*Tennyson*.

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Artists should arrange for the return of unsuccessful illustrations, in case their return is desired.



RESPECT FOR GERMAN POLICEMAN

Herr Muerbe, a Dresden schoolmaster, on visiting Halle lately went up to a policeman and, touching his hat, begged in a courteous tone to be directed to his destination. The policeman stared at him, and told him that if he desired a reply he must speak more respectfully—his interrogator must, in fact, take off his hat. This was too much for Herr Muerbe, who asked the policeman not to be insolent. Legal proceedings followed, and the Court has decided that while Herr Muerbe was not obliged to take off his hat when addressing a policeman, he must pay a fine of ten marks for using the word "insolent."—*London Chronicle*.

THE DEBUTANTE: That Western girl who dances so well asked me a few minutes ago for the address of my dressmaker.

HER FATHER: That's nothing. She has asked your brother for his pin, three buttons, his regimental insignia, his necktie and a lobster salad.—*Harper's Bazaar*.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South.—*Booklet*.

CROWDED OUT

"Johnny, where is your mechanical engine?"

"Pop's got it."

"How about your automatic trip-hammer?"

"Uncle Bill won't let me have it."

"Your Japanese top?"

"Uncle Jim's playing with that."

"Well, you seem to be in the way in the nursery. Guess you'd better go into the library for awhile."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

The food-inspector's wife was looking over her husband's notebook. "George," she said, "how do you pronounce the last syllable of this word, 'butterine'?"

"The last syllable," the inspector answered, "is always silent."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

Hotel Vendome, Boston

All the attractions of hotel life, with the comforts and privacy of home.

A WELL-KNOWN Washington correspondent, when a reporter on the New York *Tribune*, was sent one Saturday night to interview Father Ducey, a priest famous both for his wit and his good deeds. Father Ducey was in the confessional, Norcross was told, and that he could go in and see him and come out before anybody went in, without any doubt. He found the reverend father waiting and began a timorous conversation with him, being somewhat awed by his unaccustomed surroundings.

"Good-evening, Father."

"Good-evening, my son."

"Father, I am a reporter from the New York *Tribune*."

"Very well. I absolve you from that."—*Argonaut*.

WOULD NOT BREAK FRIENDSHIP

An editor, talking the other day in New York about Oliver Herford, said:

"He sat in my office one afternoon when a young novelist entered."

"Mr. Herford," said the novelist, eagerly, "I value your opinion very much. Now, I want you to tell me candidly what you think of my new book?"

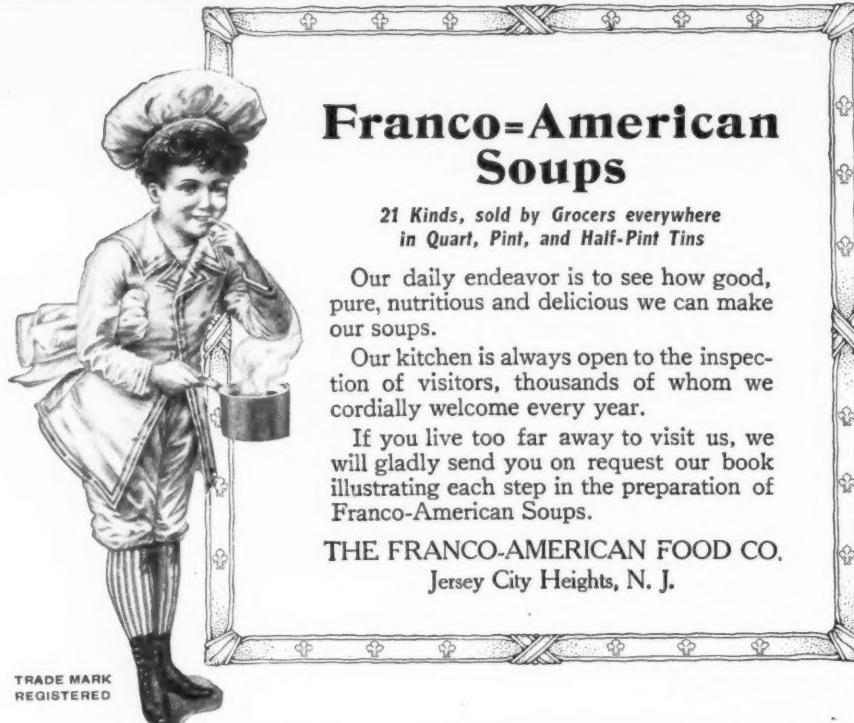
"No, no," said Herford, hurriedly, "let us remain friends."—*New York Tribune*.

OLD SALEM PUNCH. Delicious—Try it. S. S. Pierce Co., Boston, Mass."

A LITERARY GENIUS

Mr. Bryce will be especially welcomed as Great Britain's ambassador to Washington because he succeeded in writing two volumes about social and political conditions in America without showing that he didn't know what he was writing about.—*Kansas City Star*.

A GOLFING judge, according to the story, had occasion to interrogate in a criminal suit a boy witness from Bala. "Now, my lad," he said, "I want to know if you are acquainted with the nature and significance of an oath?" The boy, raising his brows in surprise, answered: "Of course I am, sir. Don't I caddy for you at the Country Club?"—*Argonaut*.



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Turn About Is Fair Play

BEFORE a great fire of logs in Helicon Hall, the seat of his Utopian colony, Upton Sinclair one snowy night talked of the injustice of the private ownership of land:

"A tramp was one day strolling through a wood that belonged to the Duke of Norfolk. The duke happened to meet him and said:

"Do you know you're walking on my land?"

"Your land?" said the tramp. "Well, I've got no land of my own, so I'm obliged to walk on somebody's. Where, though, did you get this land?"

"I got it from my ancestors," said the duke.

"And where did they get it from?" went on the tramp.

"From their ancestors," said the duke.

"And where did their ancestors get it from?"

"They fought for it."

"Come on, then," said the tramp, fiercely, as he pulled off his coat, "and I'll fight you for it."

"But the duke, retreating hastily, declined to accept this fair offer."—*Washington Star*.

It Varied

THE late Judge Saunders, of North Carolina, was noted as an angler, but he had a poor memory as to the weight of the fish he had taken. On one occasion a friend, trying to entrap him, said: "Say, Judge, what was the weight of that big catfish you caught the other day?"

The judge turned to his waiter and said, "Bob, what did I say that catfish weighed?"

"What time yesterday, boss—in de mawnin', at dinner, or after suppah?"—*New York Tribune*.

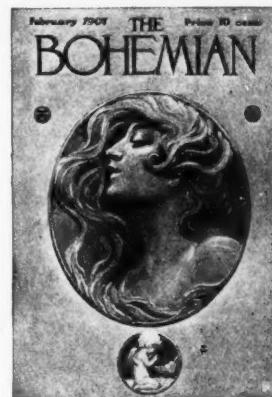
O'CONNOR, the Irish politician, began an after-dinner speech in Philadelphia in this way: "I must confess that I dread to make after-dinner speeches. At the most sumptuous dinners, even at such a dinner as this one, if I know that at the end I must make a speech, I am nervous, I have no appetite, I find little to admire in the best efforts of the chef. In truth, gentlemen, I can readily imagine Daniel, if he was at all of my mind, heaving a sigh of relief as the lions drew near to devour him—heaving a sigh of relief and murmuring: 'Well, if there's any after-dinner speaking to be done on this occasion, at least it won't be done by me.'"—*Chicago Daily News*.

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Among its personality papers is a series entitled "My Yesterdays," in which such famous folk as Margaret Anglin, David Warfield, Otis Skinner and Viola Allen have already told their own stories. If you haven't read Mrs. Norris's sketch of "The Omar of the Persian Kitten," (Oliver Herford), you have missed one of the many clever studies of people which *The Bohemian* is publishing.

In Bohemiana you will find Edward Marshall's clever satires of the Modern School of Nature Writers. Mr. Marshall is *The Bohemian's* "Unnaturalist." "Mr. Ruggles, of New York," is writing satirically of England. The Iconoclast's Corner (At the Sign of the Knocker) warns you that "the hammers are out." As for verse, drawings, humor, satire, a subscriber recently wrote us, "It's as good as LIFE." What more could we ask?

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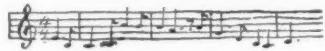
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Drawn by C. Clyde Squires

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*An Old Love Song*

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Much Law, Poor Case

AMONG lawyers there is a saying that in the trial of a case an attorney, if light on facts, must be heavy on law. The other day an attorney was preparing to leave his office, in one of the big office buildings, to go to the court-house to try a case. From the shelves of his library he had taken many large law books containing decisions and opinions of higher courts. At intervals a boy went in and out of the door, and each time he bore in his arms a stack of the books, which he carried to an express wagon that stood in the street below. The attorney was to use the books in the court-room.

Another lawyer, who is of Southern birth, and who always addresses his friends with some army title, watched the boy as he went in and out, carrying the law books. Then he dug his hands deep into his trousers-pockets and said to the lawyer:

"Well, Ah'll sweah, Kunnel, you must have no case at all."—*Kansas City Times*.

President ob What?

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT likes to leave the White House at times and make informal calls on his friends. One night last winter he strolled up to Attorney-General Moody's house and rang the bell.

The negro butler came to the door. He peered out suspiciously and asked: "What you-all want?"

"I should like to see Mr. Moody."

"Mr. Moody ain't in to nobody."

"Oh, I guess he will see me. Tell him the President is here."

"The President?" said the butler, suspiciously.
"Yes, the President."

The butler pulled the door almost shut. He looked at Mr. Roosevelt's slouch hat with disdainful eye and inquired, scornfully: "President ob what?"—*Saturday Evening Post*.

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An Effective Riddle

ON ONE occasion when he was busy, President Lincoln received a delegation of men who were endeavoring to hurry the passing of some petty bill. When they entered, Lincoln looked up gravely and said:

"If you call the tail of a sheep a leg, how many legs will the sheep have?"

"Five," said the spokesman.

"No," replied Lincoln, "it would only have four. Calling the tail a leg wouldn't make it one." The delegation departed in discomfiture.—*New York Tribune*.

JOHN BRIGHT was once asked how it was that Pitt made one of his finest speeches after drinking two bottles of port. John Bright was, as usual, equal to the occasion. He pointed out that verbatim reporting was unknown in those days, and suggested that the other members of the house, on whose opinion Pitt's reputation largely depended, had probably drunk three bottles.—*Argonaut*.

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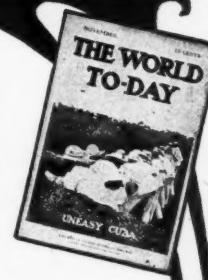
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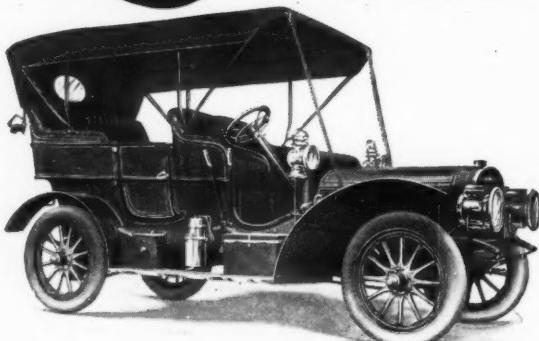
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